

Collected

3671

THE KING'S HOUSE

AT

WINCHESTER.

A P O E M.

Price 3s.

THE KING'S HOUSE



WINCHESTER

A. F. O. M.

2

Price 3s

THE KING'S HOUSE

AT

WINCHESTER.

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

By the Rev. JOHN WOOLL, B.A.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED, BY J. NICHOLS,

For G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster-Row; J. PRIDDEN, N^o 100,
Fleet-street; Messrs. BURDON, Winchester; COOKE, Oxford; MERRIL,
Cambridge; BAKER, Southampton; MEYLER and BULL, Bath;
COLLINS, Salisbury; CHAMBERS, Basingstoke; JACQUES, Chichester;
and HARDING, Portsmouth.

M DCCXCIII.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

WATERBURY



By the Hon. JOHN W. O'CONNOR

1957-1958

100

1947 9 9 11:03

1510 1511 1512 1513 1514 1515 1516 1517 1518 1519 1520 1521 1522 1523 1524 1525 1526 1527 1528 1529 1530 1531 1532 1533 1534 1535 1536 1537 1538 1539 1540 1541 1542 1543 1544 1545 1546 1547 1548 1549 1550 1551 1552 1553 1554 1555 1556 1557 1558 1559 1560 1561 1562 1563 1564 1565 1566 1567 1568 1569 1570 1571 1572 1573 1574 1575 1576 1577 1578 1579 1580 1581 1582 1583 1584 1585 1586 1587 1588 1589 1590 1591 1592 1593 1594 1595 1596 1597 1598 1599 1600 1601 1602 1603 1604 1605 1606 1607 1608 1609 1610 1611 1612 1613 1614 1615 1616 1617 1618 1619 1620 1621 1622 1623 1624 1625 1626 1627 1628 1629 1630 1631 1632 1633 1634 1635 1636 1637 1638 1639 1640 1641 1642 1643 1644 1645 1646 1647 1648 1649 1650 1651 1652 1653 1654 1655 1656 1657 1658 1659 1660 1661 1662 1663 1664 1665 1666 1667 1668 1669 1670 1671 1672 1673 1674 1675 1676 1677 1678 1679 1680 1681 1682 1683 1684 1685 1686 1687 1688 1689 1690 1691 1692 1693 1694 1695 1696 1697 1698 1699 1700 1701 1702 1703 1704 1705 1706 1707 1708 1709 1710 1711 1712 1713 1714 1715 1716 1717 1718 1719 1720 1721 1722 1723 1724 1725 1726 1727 1728 1729 1730 1731 1732 1733 1734 1735 1736 1737 1738 1739 1740 1741 1742 1743 1744 1745 1746 1747 1748 1749 1750 1751 1752 1753 1754 1755 1756 1757 1758 1759 1760 1761 1762 1763 1764 1765 1766 1767 1768 1769 1770 1771 1772 1773 1774 1775 1776 1777 1778 1779 1780 1781 1782 1783 1784 1785 1786 1787 1788 1789 1790 1791 1792 1793 1794 1795 1796 1797 1798 1799 1800 1801 1802 1803 1804 1805 1806 1807 1808 1809 1810 1811 1812 1813 1814 1815 1816 1817 1818 1819 1820 1821 1822 1823 1824 1825 1826 1827 1828 1829 1830 1831 1832 1833 1834 1835 1836 1837 1838 1839 1840 1841 1842 1843 1844 1845 1846 1847 1848 1849 1850 1851 1852 1853 1854 1855 1856 1857 1858 1859 1860 1861 1862 1863 1864 1865 1866 1867 1868 1869 1870 1871 1872 1873 1874 1875 1876 1877 1878 1879 1880 1881 1882 1883 1884 1885 1886 1887 1888 1889 1890 1891 1892 1893 1894 1895 1896 1897 1898 1899 1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929 1930 1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947 1948 1949 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958 1959 1960 1961 1962 1963 1964 1965 1966 1967 1968 1969 1970 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328

100

TO THE
UNITED COMMITTEES
FOR
THE RELIEF
OF THE
FRENCH REFUGEE CLERGY,
THE FOLLOWING
P O E M
IS INSCRIBED
BY THEIR SINCERE ADMIRER,
AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
JOHN WOOLL.

Ως δὲ ποιήσης, πᾶσι χεῖρός γ' ἔσθι.

Soph. Ajax.

The deed will win thee praise, and ev'ry tongue
Shall call thee good.

FRANKLIN'S SOPH.

TO THE
UNITED COMMITTEES

FOR

THE REFERENCE

OF THE

FRENCH REFORMED CLERGY



THE FOLLOWING

P O E M

IS INSCRIBED

BY THEIR SINCERE ADMIRERS,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANTS,

JOHN WOOLLE

At the request of the Rev. Mr. Woolle,
Bishop of Exeter.

The good will win the battle, and every tongue
shall call thee good.

Printed by J. Smith

THE KING'S HOUSE

AT

WINCHESTER.

PART I.

WHILST other bards in loftier strains relate

The scourge of warfare, or the tricks of state,

Crown with their song the laurell'd victor's fame,

Or waft to distant climes the patriot's name ;

My Muse, by no opposing flame inspir'd,

By no fictitious panegyric fir'd,

Warm

Warm from the soul, her genuine tribute pays,

And gives, 'tis all she boasts, a heartfelt praise.

Ye generous band, whose cordial blessings pour
Health, peace, and plenty, from their lib'ral store,

Who, in one open view your duty ken,
And, creeds forgetting, know that all are men;

Who, like the good Samaritan, can heal

The sharpest wounds e'en hostile bosoms feel,

And rightly judge that Virtue's best-earn'd palm

Draws its more fragrant bloom from Pity's genial balm ;

For you my Muse attunes her first-strung lyre,

For you she fondly fans her infant fire.

Though, struck with horror*, in th' historic page

You trace the fury of a bigot's rage,

* The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572.

Th' Almighty's name prophan'd t' erect the stake,
 And his own image butcher'd for his fake;
 When the poor Huguenot, who kiss'd the rod,
 And dar'd e'en die, because he serv'd his God,
 Begg'd this sad fate; yet begg'd, alas ! in vain,
 T'escape the vary'd art of tort'ring pain,
 And, 'mid the agonizing changes, stood
 Firm to his faith; and seal'd it with his blood;
 When the half-murder'd wife, with stedfast gaze,
 Round her brave husband view'd the fated blaze,
 Or the more poignant shrieking from the rack,
 Call'd for a time her fleeting senses back;
 And the fond mother, urg'd by wild despair
 To save the babe, her fondly-nurtur'd care,
 Met the fell ruffians stroke ! rush'd on the sword,
 And clasp'd her child, by mutual slaughter gor'd !
 Here the lov'd sacred form they all rever'd
 With scalding streams of molten lead was fear'd;

There the red burning nail transfix'd the floor,
 And scorch'd the shrinking foot with many a fore;
 While death in vary'd shapes from ev'ry part
 Stalk'd his drear round, and shook his vengeful dart.
 To you 'tis giv'n to change the scene, and prove
 Th' unbounded influence of Christian love,
 To wipe the tear from humbled Virtue's eye,
 To cheer the heart, and check the rising sigh;
 To copy Him we all with truth adore;
 To feed the hungry, and to clothe the poor;
 T' encourage principle where'er you can,
 And though you shun the faith, preserve the man.

Yet, while he notes th' asylum * he has found,
 And walks the brow with flinty fragments crown'd,

* The King's House at Winchester, on or near the site of which (tradition affirms) stood the Castle of King Arthur, an. Dom. 523.

Where

Where frowning on the moated valley steep
 Rose to the view the ivy-mantled keep,
 And the portcullis' well-suspended weight
 Nodded tremendous o'er the maffy gate ;
 How many scenes will strike the exiles view !
 How many tints arise of varied hue !

Here may Tradition's fairy tale unfold
 The courtly pageants of each Baron bold,
 The skilful labour of some minstrel hoar
 Snatch'd from the wreck of legendary lore,
 When fam'd St. Tristram deck'd good Arthur's court,
 And Knights romantic shone in vary'd sport ;
 When the glad youth rush'd forth to break the lance,
 To chace the wolf, or join the antic dance,
 And the fair damsels all-subduing eyes
 Of tilts and tournaments bestow'd the prize :

Or the brave equals round th' encircled * board,
 With blood-red wine and British viands stor'd,
 In native melody their prowess fang,
 While the arch'd-roof with pealing plaudits rang.

But if with fix'd attention he can gaze,
 And, truth pursuing, quit gay fiction's maze,
 If valour's purest flame his heart e'er felt,
 Or the sad chance of war his bosom melt;

* King Arthur's round table, which is eighteen feet in diameter. It would be needless to multiply authorities to prove that this table is of modern date; however, it is of higher antiquity than it is commonly supposed to be, as it was shewn to the Emperor Charles the Fifth; and at that time many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed; the names of the Knights having been just written afresh, amongst whom were St. Tristram, St. Lancelott du Lake, &c. &c. and the whole table with its ornaments newly repaired. Vide History of Winchester, published by the late Mr. Warton.

One of the reasons alleged for what was termed the "*Mensa Rotunda*," or round table, was, that there should be no distinction amongst the Knights, but that all should sit equal. Vide Camden's Britannia.

If

If Hist'ry e'er his better thoughts refin'd,

And no rank jealousy pervert his mind ;

Full many a well-spent hour will care difarm,

Full many a sacred relic boast a charm.

Here the fell Dane *, by eager havoc led,

Swift desolation o'er the city spread ;

Raven

His ~~Eagle~~ standard, from the turret wav'd

Of the sole edifice his plunder sav'd,

And, mocking still the fame of British might,

Defy'd the Royal Ethelbert in fight.

Here the hot King †, whose unrequited lust

O'er his once valu'd friend in vengeance burst,

And

* The Danes in the reign of Ethelbert surpris'd this Castle, and entirely sacked the City of Winchester.

† Edgar, who was crowned in this Castle. The circumstances of this Prince's marriage with Elfrida are well worthy of remark : Mr. Mason,
for

And paid his faith once stain'd with forfeit life
 Who stabb'd the husband, and then won the wife,

First

for the sake of dramatic effect, has entirely omitted every culpable trait of the lady's character; and has described her equally attached to her husband when living, and constant, as a widow, to his memory. He has likewise, for the credit of royalty, introduced the account of a fair and open combat between the King and Athelwold. History, however, relates the story as follows: Elfrida, heiress to *Olgar* Earl of Devonshire, though educated entirely in the country, was celebrated through the whole kingdom for excess of beauty; *Edgar*, never indifferent to such a subject, found his curiosity excited by the frequent panegyrics which he heard of Elfrida, and resolved, as her birth was noble, to possess her, should report speak truth, on honourable terms: this intention he disclosed to his favourite Earl Athelwold, and commanded him to pay a visit on some pretence to the parents, and bring him a certain account of the daughter's beauty: Athelwold, when introduced to the lady, finding general report to have fallen infinitely short of her perfections, and being actuated by the most vehement love, determined within himself to satisfy his own passion and betray his master. He returned therefore to *Edgar*; and, having informed him, that riches and birth had been the sole grounds of the admiration paid her, and that her charms were such as would have been overlooked in a woman of inferior station, in some short space of time, on the force only of these recommendations, declared it to be his wish to unite himself to her, *Edgar*, pleased with this expedient for establishing his favourite's fortune, not only consented, but greatly forwarded, his success; and Athelwold was soon

First claim'd the fair Elfrida as his own,

And propp'd by crafty Monks his vicious throne :

soon made happy in the possession of his mistress; dreading, however, the detection of the artifice, he detained Elfrida entirely in the country, and employed every art to keep her at a distance from Edgar. The King, by some jealous courtiers, was soon informed of the truth, but resolved to satisfy himself with his own eyes of the certainty of Athelwold's treachery: He therefore informed him, that he should pay him a visit, and be introduced to his wife. The Earl, as he could not refuse the honour, only begged permission to go before him a few hours, and prepare for his reception. He, on his arrival discovered the whole matter to Elfrida, and begged her, if she had any regard to his life, or her own honour, to conceal from the King, by every disadvantageous art, those fatal charms which first seduced him from the paths of fidelity and honour. To this request Elfrida *promised* compliance, but acted in direct opposition to that promise; set off therefore with all the advantages the richest attire, and the most engaging airs, could bestow, she appeared "nothing loath" before the amorous King, and excited at once in his bosom the highest love towards herself, and most furious desire of revenge against her husband. He knew, however, how to disguise his passions, and, seducing Athelwold into a wood, on pretence of hunting, stabbed him with his own hand, and, espousing Elfrida publicly, acknowledged her as his Queen: some remains of this retreat, and the wood in which the murder was committed, still exist in the property of Joshua Iremonger, Esq. between Winchester and the town of Andover.

Here.

Here pious *Edward* * gain'd his people's love :

Here 'gainst the rebel Barons *Rufus* * strove :

One fleeting ray of prosp'rous fortune shed

Here its bright radiance o'er *Matilda's* † head ;

When rescued from a curst usurper's pow'r

Th' unsettled ‡ crown, for one short passing hour,

* Edward the Confessor, William Rufus, both crowned in, and possessors of, this Castle.

† It was on a plain adjoining to this Castle that Matilda, in the year 1141, after the imprisonment of King Stephen, held a conference with the legate, and, on certain conditions re-assuming the crown, gained the promise of allegiance from her subjects. In the same year she was besieged in Winchester Castle, and, being hard pressed by famine, made her escape.

‡ The reader need but consult the earlier periods of English History, to learn the fatal consequences which have ensued from disputed succession to the government of this country : happily for the present and future age, we have "*An Act of Settlement*," which to violate, through any prejudice of party, or to abrogate in compliance with the daring insults of leveling republicanism, were to perpetrate a deed, in itself iniquitous, in its consequences to our nation, calamitous and irreparable.

Deck'd its fair mistress' legal brow in vain,
 And strove its native honours to regain,
 Till the same spot, where each fond hope was fed,
 Saw her deserted, famish'd, vanquish'd, fled.

* What though a hundred lustres roll their space,
 Where no successive records man can trace,
 No happy reference through each passing age
 Drawn from the source of History's faithful page,
 (Save when, uncertain of his threaten'd doom,
 Th' attainted *Raleigh* fought the prison's gloom ;)
 Yet through th' attentive ramble, Fancy's pow'r
 Pictures each bastion strong each gloomy tow'r ;

* Excepting the imprisonment of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the reign of James the First, we have no account of any particular use to which this Castle was dedicated from the above time, till the rebellion in the reign of Charles the First, any farther than that the treasures of some of the Kings had been deposited there, and that it had been inhabited by the ancestors of Sir William Waller for many years before that period.

O'er the mix'd scene a thousand changes throws,
Now crowns with conquest, and now sacks with foes;
Now to the warrior gives the hard-earn'd palm,
Then to the sage affords retirement calm;
Here in its cells secrets the royal hoard,
There boasts a subject's hospitable board.

But, from this doubtful calm of dark surmise,
What sad regretted scenes of slaughter rise!
Thy reign, O *Charles* * ! my Muse reluctant sings,
And treats of rights of people, and of Kings;
Here her strict claims Prerogative demands,
There Privilege collects her tribune bands;
And each, forgetful of the country's good,
Wades to success through seas of British blood.

* Charles the First.

While

While by degrees the ~~den~~ extends afar
 Of civic slaughter, and intestine war,
 Thy walls, O Venta *, feel th' internal rage,
 The savage fury of this blinded age ;
 Rous'd by the sparks of Freedom's sacred flame,
 To aid in arms a British senate's fame,
 Thy Castle's champion, Waller †, calls to arms,
 And eager quits retirement's wonted charms,
 By zealous fury 'gainst his Monarch steel'd,
 Erects his patriot standard in the field,
 Each sacred bound of loyal faith o'erleaps,
 And, Cromwell, follows thy ambitious steps ;
 Like this poor kingdom, groaning with the weight
 Of mutual plunder, and a tott'ring state,

* The ancient name for Winchester.

† Sir William Waller.

Changing its master by th' oppressive right
 That vict'ry boasted from th' uncertain fight;
 In vain the long-try'd Castle's sturdy rock
 Oppos'd the chance of war, and brav'd the shock
 Of foes, contending to direct the helm,
 And wield the sceptre of the shaken realm;
 First round the walls the Royal Leader * mann'd
 Each stubborn fortress with his trusty band,
 High o'er the tow'r th' inviting standard wav'd,
 And each attack of rebel fury brav'd,
 But brav'd in vain; the savage waste of war
 Levell'd its turrets, left its ramparts bare,
 With siege resistless each proud bulwark broke,
 And its first master gave the last destructive stroke.

* During the civil war, the King seized and garrisoned their fortress, from whose force it was taken afterwards by its original possessor Sir William Waller, one of the Parliamentary Generals, and by his troops entirely demolished.

Alas !

Alas ! what need to exiles to relate
 Th' unbounded horrors of a factious State !
 Faith deem'd a crime, hypocrisy ador'd,
 Unpunish'd rapine, and th' affassin's sword,
 The city to the traitor's rage confign'd,
 Rebellions scourge, and poverty behind :
 No British annals need their mem'ry trace,
 Or brand this country with the foul disgrace ;
 A nearer ruin they, alas ! bewail,
 And their own fate attests the mournful tale.

Yet, let their minds with cool discernment scan
 Th' allotted difference 'twixt man and man ;
 And calm Reflection will too late evince
 Heav'ns greatest scourge on earth—a despot Prince.
 Hail, Freedom ! of each good thou source supreme !
 Of arts the parent ! Poets' best-lov'd theme !

Sweet

Sweet nurse of Virtue ! by whose steady light
 Man first dispell'd the clouds of bigot night,
 Come—but repulse that reeling monster wild,
 Faction—how falsely deem'd thy darling child !
 Leave her to grace th' impostor Cromwell's name,
 Or give to Catiline a lasting fame,
 To eternize her Pethion in song,
 And trumpet Marat's virtues to the throng,
 I woo thee in thine own enchanting form,
 Hateful alike to proud Rebellion's storm,
 (Yet weeping o'er thy much-lov'd Ruffell's fate,
 And Sidney fall'n to prop the tools of state),
 Or the stern mandate of a Tyrant's frown,
 To bless thy fav'rite Isle, and boast her all thine own *.

* “ As it has been a generally received opinion, that King Alfred was
 “ crowned at the Castle in Winchester, it will be proper to state the fol-
 “ lowing reason for omitting such a character, that no such event is men-
 “ tioned in the life published of that Prince, in any History of England, or
 “ in the account of the Castle given in Camden's Britannia.”

THE KING'S HOUSE

AT

WINCHESTER.

A P O E M.

P A R T II.

THE KING'S HOUSE

WINDING

WINCHESTER.

A P O E M.

P A R T II

THE KING'S HOUSE

AT

WINCHESTER.

PART II.

NOW let a gayer strain awake the lyre,
And sing of beauty, wit, and young desire,
Of sparkling eyes that am'rous thoughts bespeak,
Of dimples sweet that bask in Cleaveland's cheek*.

* Duchess of Cleaveland.

D

Or

Or each seductive grace, each witching wile,
 Each open jest, and arch attractive smile,
 Form'd a gay Monarch's * wav'ring heart to win,
 In the blent † beauties of enchanting Gwynn ‡ ;
 Or lovely Portsmouth's § more majestic charms,
 That foreign gem that grac'd his aged arms,

* King Charles the Second.

† As *blent* is a rarely-used, and indeed an almost obsolete participle, from the verb *to blend*, I think it necessary to quote the authority of Shakespeare,

“ 'Tis beauty truly *blent*, whose red and white
 “ Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

‡ Nell Gwynn, a famous actress. Her profession, joined to her natural talents for wit and pleasantry, rendered her as agreeable in the light of a companion as her beauty did in that of a mistress.

§ Louise de Querouaille (a French lady), created Duchess of Portsmouth. Her influence over Charles was supposed to exist unrivaled during the latter years of his life : Dryden, in his Poem of Absalom and Achilophel, dignifies this lady with the title of Bathsheba.

Nor,

Nor, to the last fond hour of life, resign'd
 Their wonted influence o'er his captive mind.

On that same site, where once the castle stood,
 With many a Gothic arch and turret proud,
 How chang'd* the scene, that meets the exile's eyes !
 How proud the new creation seems to rise !
 Thy hand, O Wren† ! portrays the vast design,
 And its stupendous beauties all are thine.

Yet, ah ! in vain th' ingenious Master plies
 His happiest skill, and each glad labour tries ;
 In vain the eager sculptor boasts his art,
 And proud mechanicks, ardent, take a part,

* On or near the site of the original Castle, Charles the Second, ann.
 Dom. 1683, laid the foundation of a magnificent Royal Palace, the shell
 only of which was finished, and which still retains the name of the King's
 House.

† Sir Christopher Wren.

To swell the triumphs of the royal dome,
 Above the patterns of immortal Rome,
 Death *, unrelenting, breaks th' illusive spell,
 And drags the Monarch to an humbler cell.

Here might have shone, in each returning sport,
 The gay profusion of a vicious court,
 Minstrels and Music, Poetry and Play,
 The ball by night, and costly feast by day,
 The sportive mask, friend to the hidden fire,
 And assignation, fruit of fond desire ;
 Here from the cupola † the wedded dame,
 Whose roving heart had felt a newer flame,

* The death of the King, Feb. 6, 1684-5, prevented the progress and execution of this most noble plan.

† A Cupola was designed thirty feet higher than the roof, which would have been seen at sea.

And, from a maiden's timid caution free,
 Had yielded to some witling debauchee,
 (While the brave husband dar'd his country's foe
 And gather'd laurels for his luckless brow,)
 Fearful, might trace, with microscopic eye,
 Each waving sail, each flaming beacon high,
 With joy dissembled the mourn'd moments count,
 And, Catharine *, watch the light'nings of thy mount.

So when, with honours crown'd and regal spoil,
 Return'd Atrides from a ten years toil,
 From hill to hill the blazing comet roll'd,
 And Nauplia last th' approaching triumph told,
 While at Mycenæ the adultress Queen †,
 The tale of glowing infamy to skreen,

* The beacon on the top of St. Catharine's Hill in the Isle of Wight.

† Clytemnestra.

In vain repress'd the brow of conscious shame,
And sicken'd at the once-lov'd victor's name.

Here might each wanton Muse be frequent seen,
In well-turn'd epigram, or satire keen,
Such as inconstant Villiers'* wit misus'd,
Or, Rochester †, thy giddy brain produc'd,
Or Starving Butler's ‡ ill-requited rhyme,
(Though penn'd to feed the passions of the time,)
Or that tame prostitute to courtly views,
Mistaken Dryden's § more degraded Muse.

* Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

† Lord Rochester.

‡ The Author of Hudibras.

§ Vide Dryden's Threnodia Augustalis, Britannia Rediviva, Epistle to the Whigs, &c. &c.

Laft

Last let the exile trace th' effects of war,
 When Glory vaulted in her fiery car,
 O'er her lov'd *Hawke*, her brightest radiance shed,
 And crown'd with Neptune's wreath the victor's head ;
 Or when, in later days, she deign'd to smile
 On the brave offspring of her sea-girt Isle,
 To clear the mists from injur'd *Keppel's* fame,
 And give eternity to *Rodney's* name,
 When the brave seaman *, conscious of his doom,
 Sought, unappall'd, a foreign prison's gloom,
 Or in his gayer hours of care devoid
 His skilful hand (in mimic art employ'd)
 Portray'd the very † scene, where adverse Fate
 First doom'd his fortune to this captive state,

* During the two last wars : the King's House at Winchester was fitted up for the reception of French prisoners.

† Amongst other curious devices cut in wood, the French prisoners were particularly skilful in their models of ships.

Or his thrill Savoyard's unusual sound
 Drew from each spot the list'ning crowd around,
 And petites Vaudevilles rent th' echoing air,
 Tun'd to the beauties of some absent fair ;
 'Till thus with varied toil and play oppress'd
 The narrow cot affords his wonted rest,
 While, from the ev'ning gray till dawn of light,
 The frequent watch-word breaks the dead of night.

Nor did this mingled scene of thoughtless joy
 Native Religion's steady flame destroy,
 His choicest * skill, devoted to ~~his~~ faith *his*
 Deck'd the selected shrine with many a wreath ;
 With pious hands th' uplifted cross was plac'd,
 And the drear walls with fainted figures grac'd,

* It was equally a credit to their genius and principle, that the room selected for their chapel was by their own hands decorated in a beautiful and elegant manner.

With

With mystic ornaments the altar dress'd
 And the pure vase with holy water blest'd.

Ah ! little thought they whilst their daily toil
 (The work of captives in a foreign soil)
 Obtain'd its well-deserv'd success to prove
 A temporary pledge of pious love,
 That those, whom oft they view'd with grateful pride
 Ordain'd a people's fetter'd faith to guide,
 Who oft their hallow'd vows were wont to raise
 In the loud pealing anthem's swelling praise;
And in
 Under the garb of pontiff grandeur proud,
 Raise mute attention from the kneeling crowd;
 Ah ! little thought they, when they left the dome,
 These sacred guardians doom'd, alas, to roam,
 As wand'ring exiles from their native home,

E

Their

Their scatter'd relicks would again restore,
And in the same * sad spot—a fate as sad deplore.

Yet, let the pensive priest, to Heav'n resign'd,
Soothe the keen anguish of his tortur'd mind,
And, whilst his country's bleeding wrongs impart
Each fell remembrance to his bursting heart,
His sacred order spurn'd, proscrib'd, defac'd,
His God insulted, and his King disgrac'd;

So you his grateful soul with ardour raise,

And emulate the virtues He must praise;

Disdain distinctions, and allow 'twas giv'n,

To all to seek the promis'd joys of Heav'n,

And, 'mid the Christian virtues truly see,

The one preferr'd; unbounded Charity.

* The building is now become the Asylum of the French Refugee Clergy.

20 AU 66

FINIS.

